



DARK UNION

Samuel Redford was the sort of man who could not let a single lick of wrongdoing slip by unnoticed. From attempts to discipline tardy classmates as best a kid could do back in his earliest childhood days to the stringent man he was today, adopting the ways of the Lord with a zealous fervor to it's teachings, Samuel was, in the eyes of many that included his fellows in church, as a daunting figure to approach. A capable, self dependent individual radiating the aura of a military DI whose aspirations seemed simple yet complicated; to rid his immediate surroundings of all things foul. Even if it meant behaving in a manner ill-fitting of a priest such as himself, having attained the position not too long after proving his worth.

From running down thieves to breaking up quarrels before they could escalate, the locals of the quiet community had begun to call Samuel by a different name altogether. Taking on the title of *Father Ironfist*, a label that would fit a professional wrestler's fictional stage name than the lone priest Samuel saw himself as. But since the name hadn't caused him trouble besides a few hollers for photos, the man saw no reason to fret over such a thing. Not when there was work to be done that required his utmost attention to accomplish. For evil's manifestations never ceased to come into being in the idyllic town he called home, physical or otherwise.

A task he would only take a break from once he was completely done with it...

But with such an adamant drive to accomplish the impossible, the eye of Samuel's superiors in the church would inevitably come to rest upon him. Taking note of his mission before deciding to induct the zealot into an inner circle operating under the normality of the organization's front, where they would offer Samuel a chance to do the world a favor; the chance to affect change the likes of which his previous feats combined could not compare to.

A chance...to rid the town of a negative force that had, until now, been festering quietly far beyond the outskirts of the town. At a rundown locale rumored to have been struck by numerous tragedies since time immemorial, with many businesses in the vicinity seeing terrible misfortune or supernatural sightings. Hence the undisclosed radius around the area where all signs of human civilization were left to wither away to the elements except the ruins of a rundown chapel amongst a few other notable structures still dotting the landscape to this day.

Samuel himself had never been by to explore it himself, but he could agree on one thing. That there was something seriously wrong with the region every time he drove by on a return trip from the neighboring town for supplies, a shared sentiment with all who had driven by the particular stretch of road encompassed within the unseen force's sphere of influence. One that, according to the word of his elders, had been responsible for the seeding of dark thoughts and sinful urges resulting in the seemingly endless outpouring of Ne'er do wells who could only take from others to sustain their stagnant lives.

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And when he heard of how he could put a stop to it all if he was successful in putting a stop to the rhythmic beating of the dark heart of all evil in the region, Samuel hadn't hesitated in agreeing to the circle's offer. Never once thinking to shy away from it even as they informed him of the harrowing consequences should he fail in this task and how none would ever hear of him again should the worst come to pass. For he knew no such thing, certain that his would be the hand responsible for putting an end to this misery once and for all. His heart, heavy with anticipation as he sets out toward the site with all the blessings of the Lord and the faith of his fellow servants. Braving the darkness of an exceptionally shrouded Thursday night before eventually arriving at the center of the ruins, skin crawling with goosebumps and beads of cold sweat from how heavy the air felt. Leaving Samuel heaving with effort when each breath felt like he was taking suffocating clouds of smog into his lungs, clutching at the crucifix hanging around his neck with the other hand firmly clasped around a holy bible. Doing all he could to push toward his goal against the debilitating haze that had suddenly manifested around the priest. Almost as if the being in control of the region was riled at his presence, attempting to stop Samuel from carrying out his mission, especially when he was only a few steps away from the skeletal remains of the old chapel housing the source of the region's woes...

But even with a dauntless soul remaining unfazed, Samuel would soon find himself breaking to the malevolent force as his vision of the shrouded world starts to ebb and wane like a realistic piece of environmental art being doused in water. Clueless as to the truth behind the bone chilling cold that had overtaken his body's natural warmth ever since setting foot on cursed ground. Assuming it to be an effect of the entity's rousing powers, which he wasn't entirely wrong about save for the true extent of its effects...because more than just the land around the haggard priest was beginning to change, showing some measure of difficulty in catching on to the holy man until not even the blessed robes that sheathed Samuel's form were safe. Warping and fraying at the tips until the simplistic make of a priest's garb were replaced by ivory green fabrics woven from the hands of an artisan hailing from a time long forgotten to the modern world as the metamorphic affliction rises upward. Lengthening Samuel's robes until they start to resemble the silhouette of a lady's dress, a comparison that begins to cement itself further when the flesh and blood body within starts to succumb to the transformation beginning with broad feet clasped tight in leather shoes that had become ancient leather sandals of a petite make to fit the waifish soles and delicate toes much like the pair currently bearing Samuel's uncertain weight as he shifts from side to side, overwhelmed by nausea the likes of which he'd never experienced before. Leaving the imperiled man unable to utter a single coherent word in the face of the insurmountable force that had been just about done remaking the land and the sole priest who had sought to seal it in the first place, pinching invisible fingers together to form a pencil-thin waistline perfect for a corset to tighten around while the obfuscating remnants of a man of the cloth give way to revealing cutouts and loosely tied knots secured only by impossibly thin string hooked around a petite neckline allowing for creamy mounds of ample flesh to surge forth unimpeded once chiseled pectorals that could not last against the malevolent energies running through the unwary priest's trembling form as waxen skin sheds curled hair once the last vestiges of a broad physique fades for a shapelier one lined with enough curves and dips to shame the

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cover girl of a gravure mag. Hunching over in agony as organs part to make room for an arid incubator nestled beneath a chubby, well fed tummy. Linked to a fat, juicy slit that had just had its fill of wrinkled sacs and a virgin phallus, crowning itself with an unshaved bush of silky pubes at the same time meaty thighs and trained calves sag into matronly cushions befitting the motherly aura the rest of Samuel's vandalized body now radiated, especially when the weathered visage of a near forty year old man rejuvenates itself under invisible hands into that of an enchanting beauty who looked to be in the prime of her youth. Her fair grace adorned in a flowing dress that does little to conceal her immaculate form despite its baggy weight, serving to display a clear outline of the tight body beneath just like a gilded necklace with a cross on it drawing the eye toward a crevice borne of plump breasts...

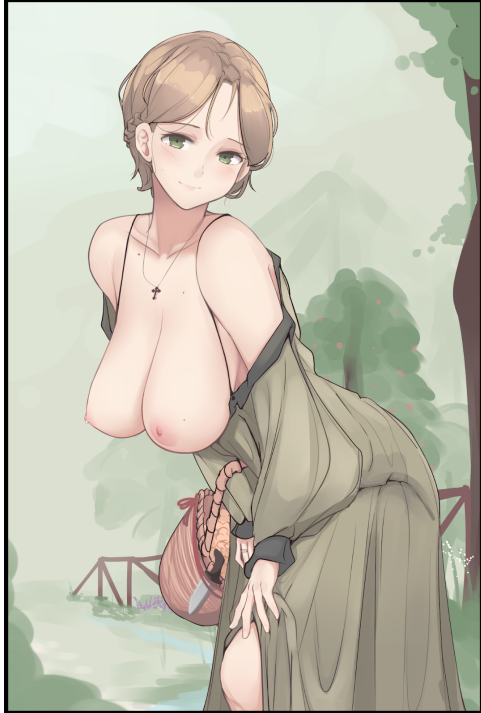
And once the rays of an unnatural afternoon sun beams down from darkened skies once shrouded in midnight's shade, a scruffy head of ginger instantaneously morphs into a neatly braided mop composed of fine brunette threads. Leaving a hefty bible clasped in waifish hands to evaporate before disparate clouds of dust reform into a hand woven straw basket containing a fresh batch of ingredients bought from the distant market stalls coming into view beyond a horizon of hilly greens and overgrown forest that had consumed the stretch of developed and promptly abandoned land to fit the bodacious female Samuel had been transformed into, seemingly oblivious to the fact that he was now a she as an addled mind clears up. Giving her the first startling view of impossibly large teats flopping about to startled movement, barely contained by the flimsy fabric of a flowing green dress caressing tender skin left exposed from the bust onward in a scandalous display that would've passed in a more uncivilized time when women had yet to receive the recognition they had always deserved as equals to men. Muttering a prayer in a soprano of a voice that had herself blushing in astonishment.

That initial reaction however, would not last when wide eyes of a shade to match her clothes caught sight of a brilliant gleam of light refracting off the polished edge of a knife secured to the rim of the basket hooked under a slender forearm that looked too out of place for a woman like herself to be carrying around. But that thought, alongside the flustered shame and fearful realization of her lost manhood were instantly rendered null and void once the sight of her beautiful reflection registers itself in Samuel's mind...allowing for an unseen entity to slip in through the cracks perforating the priest's will and assume control, just in time for a man to come around the corner behind the stunned lady, moving with stealth to his gait and a knowing leer in depraved eyes as he calls out toward Samuel in a language she had never heard of before. Only to find herself responding against her will as glistening lips moved to formulate fluent words in whatever tongue this was, complete with a soft, cutesy little giggle she never would've vocalized so willingly before, especially with a man so close by...close enough for a fevered blush to paint itself over rosy cheeks as twitching nostrils pick up on ~~unwashed filth~~ *the scent of a virile man...*

Try as she might to regain control of her own body, Samuel was helpless to resist the autopilot enforced beneath her notice. A brief, losing battle made all the more harder to keep up when her mind began to cloud up once more, not with an agonizing haze but rather an all consuming heat that makes it incredibly

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hard to formulate a coherent thought and differentiate reality from fiction. So when a stray hand drifts low to flip up her dress in an effort to caress a hefty cheek awhile a bearded mouth moves close to whisper dirty words in more of that foreign gibberish whose meaning causes her loins to stir and nipples to harden, all Samuel could do was surrender to the insanely strong grip of a woman's voracious desire for



the touch of a man. Another assumption she would soon be proven wrong about once she finds herself tearing free of her would-be partner's callused grip, feeling her own hands move under puppeteer's string to pull off a perverse gesture that could only be interpreted in one way; lifting the tender hem of her own accord to ravish a leg while a slow, graceful maneuver with the other serves to free her jiggling jugs. Exposing heavy melons to the air where swollen nipples jut outward, ready for teeth to extract a dribble of mother's nectar from their depths before going lower to rub at the void just below a pert belly. A sunken spot that darkens with the lascivious juices of sin Samuel could only cower in shame before lust returns to embroil her in how good it felt. Forcing the priest trapped in a body that was no longer her own to feel the outer folds of a thirsting labia shudder, inner muscles replacing wasted abdominals coaxing warm ejaculate to squirt out of a puckered urethra before running the length of her inner thighs...and the

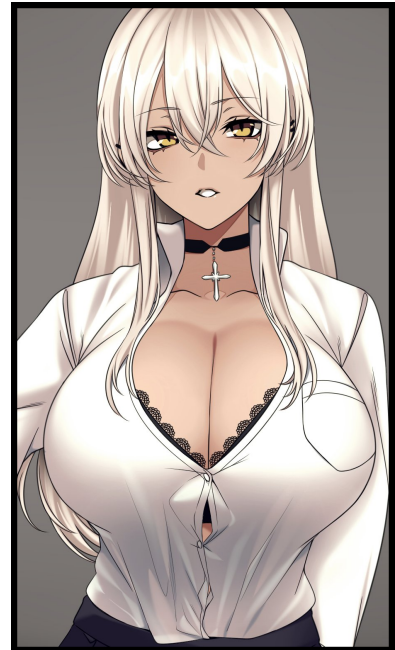
infuriating tickle of her vagina proper, barely able to maintain the sultry come-hither look on her gorgeous face as her spine arches inward from the spasming pain of a well oiled crevice calling out for the erect cock she could see straining against the man's pants her dominated mind was utterly enamored by. Steadily adopting the thought patterns of the woman she had become as if she truly was some shameless whore who would parade herself in the public without a hint of underwear to cover her privates with. The mission she had come out to fulfill in the first place, barely an echo in an addled mind weighed down by two conflicting entities. Smiling all the way as her man begins to approach after snapping out of the lustful stupor she had trapped him in with her generous display.

But instead of the breaking of the oath she had sworn herself into upholding upon becoming a man of the cloth, a moment she had been dreading ever since realizing where things were going once the mind boggling warmth of forcibly induced estrus had overcome her. Samuel's eyes would widen upon the sensation of the leathery hilt of a knife settling into the palm of her hands, giving neither her or the man who had come into her embrace a second to respond before the weapon descends, its tip aimed straight for living flesh. Darting down with enough force for the hand that dealt the blow to feel the way a jugular rends apart under the dauntless passing of cold steel and the terrifying hotness of freshly spilt life blood spattering against skin while traumatized ears would endure the guttural cry of a man's last words before her vision goes dark. As if someone had cut the lights to a theater without warning, leaving

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Samuel trapped for a moment in pure darkness until the very same chill she had felt from her moment of arrival in this accursed place returns to twist and curl around her body as it starts to shift once more to take on yet another form so quickly after experiencing...whatever it was she had just been put through...and from what she could gather, it didn't seem likely that the entity would be so kind as to return her to her former self. A prediction that hits close to home when a loud thump snaps her to attention, finding herself able to move once again as she twists on a heel to face the source of the noise with a notable weight pulling down on her scalp while the darkness fades once more, this time taking Samuel back to a place slightly more recognizable than an old village as cracked tiling and broken windows come into view alongside the irredeemable stench of an unfiltered bathroom whose moldy interiors probably hadn't seen the light of day in a long time...but from the sight of modern implements like basins whose shattered mirrors offered only the briefest of glimpses at the face of a woman who could only be described as a highschool dropout, Samuel would assume this to be somewhere closer toward the modern ages as wary eyes hover over the shifting figure of a young man venting his frustrations on a dented cubicle door. Cursing with each devastating kick delivered to the tortured plywood...she needed to make an escape right now, while she still had her faculties about her.

After being put through that initial hallucination given form by twisted devil magic or whatever the hell she had found herself squaring up against, Samuel no longer had the heart to continue her fight, shifting lightened weight around on shaky legs as they crept their way slowly out across the dirty bathroom in an attempt to get away from all this after realizing there was no outcome where she could succeed in quelling this evil as much as it ate at her pride to admit it. All while a casual sway to burgeoned hips and a pronounced bounce to a perkier bosom than the one previously possessed by her would go unnoticed, reaching out toward the door knob with manicured digits tipping tanned fingers a step away from assumed freedom. Until a husky voice resounding from a throat that felt like it had endured many a cigarette calls out to her from behind just like the dirty old man from before, heralding the return of the possessive force that had so utterly dominated her in both body and mind, sending a numbing chill down Samuel's spine as her posture relaxes before it's new pilot turns the priest right back around to face the ~~gangster~~ handsome jerk she ~~wanted nothing to do with~~ knew to be her boyfriend. Sauntering back over toward him with a cold look to beckoning eyes, soothing his anger with a flippant tone uttered in an airy voice and with a colorful vocabulary fitting her slutty appearance.



Unlike the earlier backseat-esque feeling Samuel had been charmed with that left no other alternative but to hand control of her body to another however, this one felt more like a hypnotically induced trance that

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serves as an escalation to things going forward. No longer finding herself 'locked up' but rather, directly acting out the commands issued to her by yet another presence lurking within her transmogrified form. Now a vessel for all manner of foul entities to emerge from and inhabit. Warping her thoughts and actions before her brain could process them as 'Samuel' and not the ditzy college delinquent whose appearance and mannerisms she was being forced to take on. Unflinchingly falling into a low crouch that ends with her face hovering inches away from a veiny...*thing*...that flops out of an undone zipper to meet lean, cocoa tinted lips in a vulgar kiss. An act that sends a signal coursing through ~~Samuel's~~ Vanessa's teeny brain to begin pleasing her stud, opening wide before devouring the entire length of the throbbing erection in one fell swoop. ~~Gagging~~ *Cooing in bliss thanks to it being an unwelcome first time experience her non-existent gag reflex after having felled her boyfriend (among many other men)* one too many times for her to count. Slurping noisily as a serpentine tongue entwines itself around the bitter rod while her nostrils flared from the smell of a man's essence, making ~~her want to puke~~ *soil her soil her panties* right then and there as a trickle of precum drips down from between meaty thighs of a lovely shade of brown the whole of her body besides her hungry little pussy sported after weeks spent in the tanning salon...she ~~just wanted to be free of it all~~ *had thought about jamming her cunt against the tanning bed to get it all nice and toasty*, but after her boyfriend told her how sexy it made her look and a modicum of better judgment, had left things as they were. Relishing in his compliment as her eyes curled into a knowing leer from the feeling of a familiar vein beginning to throb just as her man's thrusts begin to grow more vigorous to the point where its oblong head had begun to fill the back of her esophagus, making it hard to resist pinching at ripened nipples that had come loose from how hard he was shaking her. Giving her tits a proper jiggle while curtains of platinum blonde sway to the rigors of her world class blowjob with a stupid look of vainglorious delight on her vapid face. Cheeks bulging to capacity with a mix of her own saliva and her lover's precum while a choker bearing the symbol of the Lord tightens with a ping as the weak metal clasps holding it together are tested by a final thrust that causes ~~Samuel's~~ Vanessa's petite neck to contort to inhuman size from the torrential surge of piping hot cum shooting down into her waiting tummy. Amber eyes rolling up into the back of her skull from ~~the degrading humility of it all~~ *how orgasmically good climaxing with her mouth plugged by ten-inch dick always felt* as sharpened claws dig into untended breasts to further stoke the flames of ecstasy she was quickly embroiled by. Cumming alongside the washed out thug forcing her head against his crotch as if she were nothing but a doll to be used and promptly discarded.

Samuel would find herself screaming in fear and panic once the darkness returns without warning, shrouding everything in preparation for a third and final act the orally defiled priest knew would be her last as she scrambles around for an exit. Her voice, now a blended mix between the mature, enchanting husk of the medieval woman from before and Vanessa's spunky tones in place of a bellowing baritone she had used to shout down criminals attempting to flee from her. An activity she would never again be able to partake in when her herculean frame had been diminished to a point where the criminals would be chasing her once the tables had been turned as Samuel continues to fight against that inevitability, flailing like a fish in utter darkness without a clue as to her body's ongoing transformation washing over

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Vanessa's features until a third, distinct feature set had taken over Samuel's frame yet again. Returning to a form not too dissimilar to the fatherly robes she had come to this place decked out in, but not enough to offer the same amount of cover.

In fact, besides the intent on mocking the 'divines' in which these new revealing raiments took clear inspiration from, nothing about them could be compared to the original that had been forever warped to wreath Samuel's frenetic body as it continues to gain in weight and age with no signs of return to its forty year old manly self anytime soon, shedding the gaudy tan it had been strapped with during the seedy time spent assuming Vanessa's form like a shedding lizard. Leaving pale, porcelain smooth hide slick with sweat in its wake while already impressive assets blossom yet further into ridiculously huge mammaries of a size big enough for them to drag across the floor beneath Samuel's crawling frame, howling like a madwoman in her attempt to free herself from a hole she had fallen too deep inside of to escape. A fact her captor desired to take full advantage of in an effort to maximize the metaphorical fruit it would nurture from its prey as a speck of light emerges like a knife cutting through the void, spurring the frightened man-turned-woman to speed predictably towards it. None the wiser to the play she had begun acting out ever since the being she had sought to seal had figured her out for a follower of the higher powers it utterly despised with all its being. Intent on breaking the foolish priest who had thought to silence its breath all on his own. A most foolish act that only served to notify it of how little he thought he knew, casting a knowing look that would go unseen by all upon noting what the old coots sitting posh and cozy beneath the church had done once again; tossing an unwary soul toward an uncontainable threat for the 'greater good'...for whatever worth the term held at this point after what must've been the umpteenth sacrificial lamb tossed its way as if it were a lion to be placated by a slab of meat. An insult to be sure, but one it would nevertheless, accept with open arms despite the circumstances...*for now at least...*

And so, with hands outstretched, Samuel would not have even a second to react to the superb force that wrenches her back and away from the warm light she was inches away from reaching. Screaming out in a pathetic voice one would not expect to hear coming from the lips of the Ironfisted Father before her cries break down into a series of animalistic groans from the sudden sensation of a phallic spear shoving aside flimsy flaps of the nun's habit that had subsumed her priesthood robes. Piercing warm folds and filling an empty passageway she had only been able to feel until now, a gash where her manhood had faded after faltering against the entity's malediction now filled with the veiny member of another. Entering in such a way that she could only gape in shock at the sight of her bulging tummy, her mind temporarily rendered insensate to the excruciating pain and sinful pleasures afforded by such a firm penetration as the scarlet trail of a virgin trailing down curvaceous legs soon washes away under a generous rain of ejaculate shooting out of Samuel's vagina once her unseen partner enters into a rhythm. Letting slip one arm for her to clutch at crooked knees with while the other remains slung around her back, squealing in shame from the harsh slap landed upon her scrumptious bubble butt. Arching her sensual spine forward while half lidded eyes begin to blur and dilate with traces of daemon smoke, anguished protestations all but cut

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down to elated gasps, ditzzy giggles and unadulterated moans from the continual pummeling her virile snatch was subject to as the physical manifestation of the entity seeds her right in the heart of the rundown chapel. A creature born of Hell's flame domineering over an agent of the Lord who could only



ride her downfall with undeniable bliss the likes of which had served the killing blow to what little remained of Samuel after having been humiliated to such an extent. Her will, tested and found wanting. Her creed, shattered and laid to waste so thoroughly till nothing remained. Exemplified by her deplorable behavior in a temple of the Lord; moaning like the lusty sow she truly was beneath all the bravado, loosening up to debauchery as the degenerated priest's tongue begins to loll in the air much like a dog's while her bodily motions shift to repay the favor, slamming her ass into her partner's crotch to further deepen his phallus' already impressive reach. Gritting her teeth with a crazed look in her eye from what should've been the painful feeling of a gut punch delivered straight to her uterus with each motion...

But as corruption floods her being and begins to taint her precious soul with the foul energies of mankind's

collective sin being pumped directly into her core, Samuel's body would in turn, take after said perversions with open arms. Gaining a dark love for the imparting and reception of pain while previously inert teats begin to dribble with sweet honey, lactation quickly staining and straining the front of her habit until the outlines of inverted nipples spewing warm milk was clear for all to see. Taking on a combination of traits gleaned from the medieval woman and the college dropout whose lives she had only got to experience a fraction of being thrust into a live demonstration of her own to experience firsthand. Her head, stripped of everything it once knew in favor of new talents; such as the femme fatale's skill in seduction and foreplay and the airheaded brain of Vanessa, with an incredibly low IQ that would make anyone wonder how such a girl could have ever lived this long to spread her legs so willingly for others enjoyment...all while dark locks of hair are consumed by a frosty coloration bleeding over from receding tips, replacing the free flowing hairstyle left behind by the previous two forms she had been morphed into until a more pronounced, boyish cut had taken their place. Hanging down around her face like the fangs of a saber tooth tiger, leaving her angelic visage as the last to go once her man finally frees her from his grasp, only to deliver a last payload to send her off into the greater world beyond the cursed domain as the writhing miasma encircling the area vanishes in tandem with the putrid mass of demonic energy being shot straight into Samuel's womb, a searing white flame that blanks out her mind as consciousness leaves the corrupted priest, collapsing onto the floor of the dilapidated ruins with glassy eyes of fiery red

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shut tight in serene slumber. Twitching every so often as spurts of steam exuding cum gushes out of a well oiled vulva so swollen and puffy one would never think it to be the well kept flower of a virgin who had only just experienced her first taste of sexual coitus with a man.

And as a twisted parting gift of sorts, smokeless fire would engulf Samuel's limp form. Applying a fresh layer of gaudy makeup to a sharp eyed face while cleansing her sweat body in preparation for new clothes that would fit her future occupation better than the soiled robes of a holy woman she was no longer qualified to serve as. Moaning in her slumber as the black strings of a thong and an accompanying top bite into her supple flesh while loose, revealing clothes lather themselves over sensitive skin. Leaving Samuel with the appearance of a glamorous streetwalker prepped for a night out in the town's darkest alleyways with pockets stuffed full of cigarettes and rubbers for the many clients she would service not with sermon or a long time in jail to think bad decisions through, but with the empty joys offered by the use of her voluptuous body. Tempting the souls of fickle men with lascivious stares, playing with hearts through the use of a melodious voice shaped from a tongue most flexible and lips begging for a kiss that could be as gentle as a caring mother or as tyrannical as a domineering mistress, fulfilling wandering eyes with a generous showing of gorgeous tits and an ass most pliable, a sinfully irresistible package encased in skin so fair and glossy the sight of it would be enough to stir men and even women into a frenzy, each one enraptured by the overwhelming desire to cop a feel of the prostitute's body for themselves...

And with her new identity firmly etched into the addled synapses of a reformed brain, *Helena* would come to with a soft groan. Rising off the floor with a slant to her spine and a jiggle to her bosom as she rights herself with erotic energy, sighing as she does so as if she were putting on a show for no one in particular...casting a snide glance at her gloomy surroundings before realizing where she was, sneering at the thought of a dirty whore like herself standing in a place such as this, her depraved mind already filling with a list of possible contacts she could call on her phone to meet out here for a quick fuck just for the sake of spitting on the irritating dolts who thought they could chastise her for her work when they were taking money by the dozens from witless sheep who had no idea they were being scammed out of their



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savings...that, and the fact that she could clearly recall sharing a bed with one or two of their supposedly squeaky clean flock. Cackling to herself in a vile tone upon the memory of a particularly large hunk motorboating her tits shortly after leaving a confessional or a meek fellow in charge of handling the funds donated by said followers of the Lord Almighty, paying Helena with their money just for a weekly go at her ass. Swinging her fiery rump with each step as it spasms from the ingrained sensation of anal sex flaring up within her flesh, grunting under her breath as her needy cunt spasms it all.

But just before she could hit the highway back to town in a stranger's car the idiot had forgotten to lock up tight, glancing moonlight draws Helena's eye toward a golden cross lying across her chest. Frowning at the suspicion as to when she had even worn such a crappy accessory out to work before cackling with a toothy grin on her brooding face. It would make for a most proper middle finger to the church the next time she ran into another of their more zealous number, and who knows, if enough of her studs liked the look, she might very well entertain the idea of playing dress up as the town's very own slutty sister, offering 'salvation' if they would dare to brave her depths. A scenario that had the malignant lady laughing long into the night as she drives back to the quiet town at blistering speeds beyond the legal limit...leaving the ruins and the sufficiently pleased entity resting in its depths alone once more. Knowing yet another step in its grand plan had come to a successful close as dawn's light breaks through mahogany clouds.

While the hidden circle had thought their plan equally successful, they were none the wiser to the true fate that had befallen those gripped by the tendrils of sin. Spreading it wherever they went after undergoing an irrevocable procedure that would leave them seeded with the sins of forebears past, recreating them in the modern age through crime lords, madmen, gangbangers, corrupt officials and in Samuel's case; reducing the man to nothing more than a simple minded sow called Helena. Painting the town in her own brand of debased sin as its newest and most sought after lay...all in the unknowing service of a being that would deliver upon those overseeing this seemingly endless cycle of sacrifice the harnessed retribution of all it had twisted.

But until that day came and the next time its powers had gathered enough to be inseminated in the next unlucky human to be sent into its waiting maw, the entity would sleep. While Sarah would relish in her new life as the *Ironclad Pussycat*, known for the immense grip of her snatch and a voracious hunger matched by no other...

THE END

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